

The Crescent



VOLUME 54

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NUMBER 4

WELCOME GRADS!

Monmouth Takes Quakers for Second Time

Four up and four down for the Quakers—1000 percent in the hole. The Monmouth Wolves 30-0 victory over the Blue and Gold meant just that. The blood thirsty wolves of O. C. E. made it four consecutive defeats for the hapless Quakers, when they shellacked the locals via the air lanes on the local field last Friday.

Paced by the terrific running of Captain Taylor, and the deadly shots of Nance, the visitors rolled to three touchdowns in the first half, added a fourth in the third period and run another over the hard way in the last frame. The wet ball which hampered the Quaker aerial attack had little effect on the deadly firing of Nance, whose passing set up every score, and who packed the mail by himself via the ground route for the final tally.

While Monmouth was the gainers via the air, the locals were way ahead on the ground. With Ronnie Smith breaking away beautifully for run after run continually putting the Wolves to the wall. And with Crisman too doing well in the second half, the game was much more exciting than the score might seem.

Two brilliant end runs, one by Crisman late in the game and one by Smitty, almost spelled six points apiece for the as yet scoreless wonders of Pacific college.

Outstanding defensive star of the day was Pacific's aggressive center, Johnnie Hays, who seemed to figure in every tackle and was always the last guy up from the bottom of the pile. Johnnie had a fied day, all over the field on defense and holding down his newly won center post in veteran style.

For Monmouth, a fellow named Brisbane got in the Quaker's hair continually, recovering fumbles, intercepting passes and continually breaking through to bust up the play.

And so P. C. winds up her series with Monmouth for 1942—with two in the hole, which makes it six times in three years that the Quakers have failed to stop Coach Cox's football machine.

Fortunately no injuries were sustained and the team will be in good condition for the Reed classic the 11th, although several

CALENDAR

- 9:00 to 12:00 a. m.—Registration in the library
- 3:00 p. m.—Football game with Reed College
- 6:30 p. m.—Banquet at the Friends Church
- 8:15 p. m.—Evening program at Wood-Mar hall

Rev. Taylor Speaks to Students at Chapel

Rev. Richard Taylor, pastor of the Nazarene church of Newberg, spoke to the meeting of the Y. M. C. E. Wednesday, Nov. 4. Mr. Taylor dealt chiefly with one of two great questions discussed in the first two chapters of St Paul's first Corinthian letter. The question is: How to know God and how to be saved. This Scripture was shown by Mr. Taylor to do something that the great philosophies never do: answer the great questions.

"Actually," continued Mr. Taylor, "there is only one way to know God, and that is by coming into contact with Him."

Mr. Taylor listed several reasons why men dislike this contact, or clash, with God. The cross of Christ, which is the Revelation of God to man, goes against man's pride and self-conceit by point-wrongs. The cross humiliates, it calls the wisdom of the world foolishness, it necessitates a choice that demands sacrifice of selfishness.

"We must seek God as a child, in faith," concluded Mr. Taylor, "not as the Pharisee or modern agnostic in worldly wisdom and bragging, but as the publican who humbled himself and in childlike faith sought freedom from sins."

Farm Reporter Tells of Building Improvements

Professor Jones reports that he is taking full advantage of Oregon's fog and rain by riding to school in the "open air omnibus," more commonly known as the farm truck.

Mike and Pat, their two little pigs, report that they like Hulda's cooking, and that they have finally decided to settle down and make P. C. farm their home.

The Jones' have been doing some painting and kalsomining in house no. 1, which means another improvement to Pacific college property.

Our old black cow is now busily engaged in making beef steaks and hamburgers out of herself by eating all the grain and hay that she can.

Margaret Ellen reports that she doesn't like the rain because "If you're all wet anyway, what's the fun of playing in the fountain?"

The latest additions to the farm are three white rabbits. Having watched Ken stowing away food, and if it is true what is heard about Ruth's rabbit pie we may have a well founded suspicion that it won't be long now until there are only two rabbits left.

We now have a family living in house no. 3. That makes use of all the buildings on the farm.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

by Burgess and Me

And now, my little friends, back to the story of Bunny, Babs, and Jack. When we last heard of them they were just beginning to find their places in a lovely cabbage patch, with everything fairly hopping their way. Well, not many weeks had passed before Bunny had become one of the heartiest of cabbage-eaters. And, because her ears were always so pink and pert and her fur so smooth and white, she was loved by all the other little animals. Even the old does and bucks stopped to smile after her as she went about her calorie check-ups, for she had followed their every food chart. In fact she had gained several pounds.

Babs, meanwhile, had spent most of the time in her burrow at one corner of the patch. At first she watched Bunny a little, but she couldn't imagine herself being plump from eating cabbage, so she sprawled in her nest all day. She was determined to make her hair shiny as Bunny's with-

P. C. Greet's Alums Details of Days' Activities Told

The most important day of the first semester is November 11, Homecoming, when we welcome our friends back to school and learn about P. C.'s illustrious alumni.

The usual cleanup day was held Tuesday the 10th, so that the Campus would be its' best for the guests. The general chairman for the day was Galen Miller. A sack lunch and hot chocolate were served to the student body by the refreshment committee, which consisted of Marjorie Wolgemuth, chairman, Kathleen Smith, Hulda Winslow, Ruth Vasey, and Laura Shook.

This morning will be spent in registering of students, new and old, followed this afternoon by our football game with Reed college, at the high school field.

An event to which we all look forward eagerly is the Homecoming banquet, which will be at 6:30 at the Friends church. The theme is to be a Pirate Treasure hunt, with knowledge being the Treasure we are seeking. The speakers will talk on "The Ship," "The Crew," "The Voyage", and "The Treasure."

Committee chairman for the banquet are Betty Vasey and Marion Doble. Toastmaster for the banquet will be Dr. Homer Hester.

The program at the college will follow the banquet immediately and the public is invited. The featured entertainment of the evening will be a one-act play, "Wurzel-Flummery," by A. A. Milne. The play is directed by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones. Assistant and stage manager is Beverly Lambert. The cast is as follows: Robert Crawshaw, M. P., Henry Coleman; Margaret Crawshaw, his wife, Ruth Vasey; Viola Crawshaw, his daughter, Barbara Magee; Richard Meriton, M. P., Wayne Antrim; Dennis Clifton a solicitor, Ronald Smith; and the maid, Aloha Maynard.

Evangelyn Shattuck is property manager and prompter is Evangeline Marx.

The program will also contain a reading by Charlotte Macy and a violin solo by Alan Atkinson.

General committee chairmen for the entire day are: Arthur Roberts, Generalissimo; Registration, Wilma Archambeau and Beverly Lambert; Decoration, Betty Dixon and Evangeline Marx; Evening program, Florence Swanson and Orpha Oakes; Attendance, Betty Vasey and Marion Doble.

The Crescent

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"Shall Auld Acquaintance"

It might be of interest to find out what Homecoming means to the alumnae of Pacific college. No doubt that word has as many different associations as there are alumnae. There are some of our fellows who are in all parts of the world serving our country. The tempo of life has been so speeded up that many are too absorbed, perhaps, to give "Homecoming" more than a minute's reminiscing thought. Some of the more recent graduates are no doubt stirred to some extent by the thoughts of good old Alma Mater. And then there are some, not graduates, whose college years have been interrupted; to whom we extend the same bond of friendship that exists among alumnae and hope that they may be able to finish their college years after this world "time out" period is over.

To all who have been sufficiently stirred by homecoming thoughts to visit again the campus of Pacific College, WE WELCOME YOU. It may be that the sight of the old blue and gold waving to cheer the football team to victory (we hope!), or the quips and quibbles and fish stories of the banquet, or the stage of the auditorium alive with characters will give a sense of satisfaction and a renewed spirit of loyalty to every former P. C. student. So wander up and down the halls, or yell your fool head off at the game, swap yarns with Dr. Pennington, do anything you like, alumnae, and remember with a smile of satisfaction the days when you fussed and planned for Homecoming.

Better Parties

On the Friday night just before Halloween the Seniors gave the first of a series of student-faculty parties. They are to be congratulated on the fine way in which they carried out the party.

It seems a shame to me that quite a few of the students and faculty, were not there. This year, as we all know, the enrollment is less than it was last year. We cannot help that, it is something that we can contribute to the war perhaps. But we cannot blame the poor old war for our failure to cooperate wholeheartedly in the affairs of the college. I am sure that each one of us agrees with President Gulley in that we as a student body and faculty should have more socials and activities in which the whole group participates.

There will be another group social of some kind in the near future. How about getting behind this plan 100 percent?

Blast Reed Again

Last year about this time the Pacific Quakers got their mettle up and showed Reed where she belongs. That winning game in football set the pace which the other sports followed equally well.

This year we have a little bigger hole to pull out of it; but let's give those Reed boys a real tromping just to show them that we can do it.

We need have no fear that the fellows on the team will not be playing good football. They are out to avenge that misfortune defeat of a couple of weeks ago. What do you say we as student body and faculty flock enmass to cheer

Seniors Gives S. B. Party Featuring Spooks

The all-student Halloween Party, given by the Senior class Friday eve. October the thirtieth proved once again that spooks and ghosts are just as real as the leak in the roof.

Clyde Hadlock and Beverly Lambert were in charge of the many lively games. The games were concluded by a "lights-out" ghost story related by Professor Thomas Jones, which proved to be the sensation of the evening. With Betty Dixon at the piano a song fest was then enjoyed before the serving of older and doughnuts. Thank you, Seniors! 'Twas a delightful evening.

Boys' House Meeting Elects Year's Officers

The residents of Hoover hall, the men's dormitory, held a house-meeting Tuesday evening, November 2, at which the rules were discussed and presented to the boys. The general rules are the same as in previous years. The men are requested to sign out when leaving and to be quiet after 10:30 in the evening.

The dormitory also elected officers for the year as follows: president, Jim Spirup; secretary, Galen Miller; social chairman, Cyde Hadlock. The subject of a dorm party was discussed and one is being planned for the 19th of November. It was also decided to take the Oregon Journal for the remainder of the year.

Student Prayer Meeting Held Every Tuesday Nite

Student Prayer Meetings are held every Tuesday evening at 7:15 in room 17. Each lesson is given by a student leader and all of the students and faculty members who have attended have found these meetings to be a great source of inspiration, interest and helpfulness. The attendance has been splendid, but let's make it even better—everyone is invited.

Girls Honored At Y. W. Birthday Luncheon

Girls who have birthdays in September, October and November, were honored at a Potluck luncheon given by the Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday, October 28.

Lunch was served in the Home Economics room. The girls were very happy to have Mr. Willets, the Y. M.-Y. W. field secretary as a guest. The honored guests—the girls with recent birthdays—entertained the rest of the girls by giving a short biography of their lives and relating some humorous incident that had happened to them.

I. R. C. Organizes; Jones Is Sponsor

Last Tuesday, the International Relations club met for its organization meeting. The program for the year and time to hold the meetings were discussed. A convenient time for all interested is the greatest problem. It was decided to call meetings (to be announced) during Friday chapel periods which are given to class meetings.

Mr. Jones is sponsor and several say they will join if a convenient time is found. The club is open to all who are interested in international and interracial problems.

The first project of the club is to sponsor a chapel speaker. Donald Fessler has been asked to speak and he will speak in

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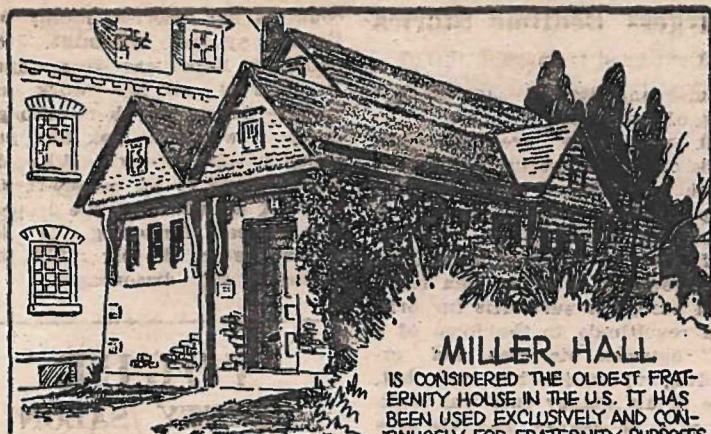
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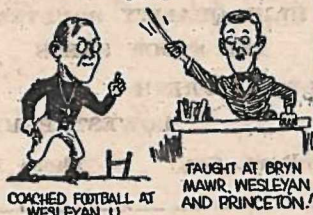
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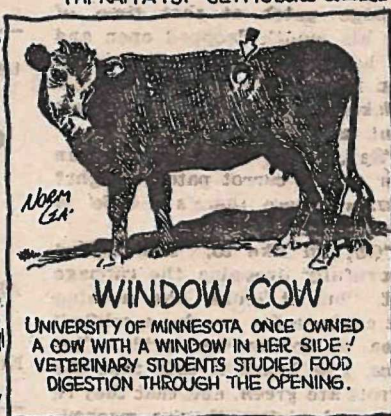
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WOODROW WILSON

WAS THE MOST COLLEGIATE OF ALL OF OUR U.S. PRESIDENTS. HE ATTENDED FOUR (DAVIDSON, PRINCETON, VIRGINIA, AND JOHNS HOPKINS); BECAME PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON; WAS OFFERED THE PRESIDENCY OF SEVEN OTHER UNIVERSITIES; RECEIVED 21 HONORARY DEGREES—MORE THAN DID ANY OTHER PRESIDENT ON A PURELY ACADEMIC BASIS.



COACHED FOOTBALL AT WESLEYAN U



WINDOW COW
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA ONCE OWNED A COW WITH A WINDOW IN HER SIDE! VETERINARY STUDENTS STUDIED FOOD DIGESTION THROUGH THE OPENING.

Gossip-

Greetings, salutations, and all that kind of stuff 'n goober! Keepin' on the beam?

Say, did you hear about a certain P. C. student, who wanted to know what he should say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the Linfield-Pacific game at Mac. the other day? Some bright student suggested—"Just say that the bleachers went wild."

Well, Webb, maybe you'll get what you've been aiming at, now that you have your new rifle.

Here's what I heard, or overheard, the other day—

Bill R. "So, you're still going to college, eh?"

Abbey M. "Yep."

Bill "How high can you count now?"

Abbey "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen,—ROOK."

Listen Marx, try to do a little better next time,—after all, he's got to be at work by 9 o'clock on Saturday mornings.

Oh, yes—here are some of the Frosh-Soph couples who are making news: Eleanor Fowlen and Dean Roberts—Carroll Michener and Louella Harris—Johnny Hayes and Ruth Vasey—tsk, tsk, what fools ye mortals be, just one fool thing after another.

By the way, look at those who are "Gone With The Wind"—Dunnagan and Jones, and even Corky who isn't letting any breeze carry him past Muriel, the chubby little blonde from Newberg Hi.

Prof. Allen told his psychology class last week that they were so dumb that if he stood them in a circle the federal government would raid them for being a dope ring.

I predict an interesting evening or perhaps many, for a cer-

gets up the nerve.

Smitty "Say, what's the best way to be a football star?"

Jones "Get up every morning at 5 o'clock, take a cold shower, and go to breakfast."

Smitty "Oh well, what's the next best way?"

Mrs. Cole has just discovered a new way to get the boys to leave the Canyon Hall parlor. When she thinks it's time for them to go, she just walks through the room with a box of Post Toasties.

Galen "Hey, what's wrong with these eggs?"

Marie: "I don't know, I just laid the table."

By the way, Sprung, who was that girl I saw you outwit last night?

Quote Evangeline Marx: "I don't know if it's love, but it's sure something."

Michener is beginning to wonder if the Canyon is still the same—says he hasn't been down there for three weeks.

Riddle: What is it that's important to a young girl's life that happened on Chaney's doorstep the other night. (Do you know, Wayne?)

Quote Crisman after the fifth hamburger on a ten hamburger bet: "Ugh! Nuff. Here's the 2 bucks, boys."

Well, on third thought, maybe I'd better just keep quiet about Magee.

Any movie producer who wanted a side-splitting scene or two might do well to get a few shots of "Hobby" Hobson's unique (to say the least) postures while teaching his harmony class—no kiddin', it's worth more than four new tires.

On fourth thought, Who was it who said the other night—"ooh, If I were her mother I wouldn't let her walk home alone."

And also who was it, seeing the coach's wife, but not recog-

Y. M., Y. W. Secretary Speaks to Meetings

Mr. Howard Willets, who is field secretary for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. organizations of Northwestern colleges, visited at Pacific college, October 27 and 28.

During his visit here, Mr. Willets spoke to both the Y. M. and Y. W. cabinets on Tuesday and at the regular meetings of both organizations on Wednesday during chapel period.

Crescent Advertising Manager to Get 10%

Student body elections were held Friday, Nov. 6, to fill places vacated by Harold Williams, who has gone home to wait for the draft, Doris Jones who is now working in Salem, and Ellis Roberts who is in the Cascade Locks C. P. S. camp.

Decisions were as follows: Representative for Student Loan Fund, Dorwin Smith.

Secretary of Old Students Association, Marion Doble.

Property manager, Beverly Lambert.

The Student Body also voted to amend the Constitution to the effect that the advertising manager of the Crescent receive 10 percent of each issues' advertisements.

Junior Class Meeting Celebrates Bruin Jr.

The Junior class held a meeting on Oct. 29, at the home of their adviser, Mr. Carey. The purpose of the meeting was twofold:—first, to finish making the P. C. pennants, and last, but by no means least, to celebrate the capture of Bruin Jr. The pennants are all finished now and will be sold at Homecoming. Plug—buy a pennant.

Burgess Bedtime Stories (Continued from page 1)

She never once thought of her calorie chart until one afternoon when Hannah Hthop and Neva Nibble asked her if she had finished her sixth head of cabbage. Then the next morning a big rabbit caught her by the ear and led her to a long row, one of the longest in the patch, she thought,—and told her she had just three days to clean up every leaf if she wanted to stay. At first she felt very hurt and ambled off letting both ears droop in a very undebutantical manner, indeed. And especially the pulled one, because it hurt so much. But when the throbbing had stopped she suddenly realized that the big rabbits would keep pulling until she ate her share, so she turned (Continued on page 4)

you whistle?" A hint—he was from Idaho naturally.—

We heard Clyde complaining about lack of cooperation. He was sitting between Ardys and Wilma, too.]

Newberg high school really has something—the P. C. freshman men.

We'd say Craven was doing pretty well—Roberts is even good looking.

Why is Henry so interested in practicing that scene in the play? We hear he even wants to rehearse it after hours.

Well, be good now, and if you can't keep two o things in your head at the same time, remove the gum!

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Sports Gossip

By James Spirup

What interests you in sports besides table-tennis? And speaking of table tennis—it is our opinion that Pacific college sports as flashy an aggregation of paddle wielders as you'll find in most places. And this isn't restricted to merely the students, watching Prof. Hobson, the Gov or "Govvy" as he's affectionately referred to by the inhabitants of the Dorm—we say again, watching Govy reminds us of the days when Ed Saunders ruled the local addicts of the little round pill. When the new recreation room is finished, we should like to see a lot of Ping-Pong played, and maybe a team lined up—a team to revenge our terrific trouncings in the lesser sports like—say—football.

Injuries and such like have taken their toll on the College's aggregation of Gridiron greats. Heaviest loss was probably that of "dollarman" Bales, the mighty mite of the gridiron whose enthusiasm, fire and crashing defensive play have made him the terror of the local gridiron. Georgie was lost in the first Monmouth game, when a practice injury was aggravated to the point where further play would be dangerous to his health, a brain concussion having developed.

The Linfield game, there's not much to say about that except no one really wants to die that way, it took its toll too. Lost in the fracas was Gerald—the gunner—Dunnagan, who had been doing such a nice job of filling up some of the weak spots in an already dangerously light weight line. A terrific blow in the abdomen proved to have bruised his lung, and another worry was added to the load of Coach Jones and his crew. The three Senior members of the squad, Hadlock, Stein, and Spirup have been quite a ways from their best, with Stein nursing a badly bruised shoulder a la Linfield; Hadlock suffering from an ankle injury; and Spirup being out entirely from the Linfield game with a severe cold.

One thing we've learned from the Linfield game—fighters that they are, the Quakers aren't quite ready to take on their weight in wildcat. We do expect a good showing in the Monmouth game; but it is the Homecoming game that we expect to see our boys do or die, and if they're going to win any, this is the one we expect to see come our way.

These cold, snappy mornings remind us that besides laying in our winter coal it would be a good idea to take stock of the basketball situation now just around the corner. We're not the type to go out on a limb about the prospects or non-prospects of the local quintet—but we do believe in looking over the talent on hand and then letting you draw your own private conclusions. A quick survey shows but three letter men and two reserves from last year's team on hand at present time. Bill Stein, senior, and two juniors, Thomas and Lewis are the three lettermen around which we hope to mould a team. The reserve list of Michener and Spirup will be bolstered by Johnny Hays, Corky Deane, and Arthur Roberts of last year's "B" team. Only one member of last year's squad, Billy Rarick, was lost by graduation; but the armed forces have taken Bill Hays and Arney Booth, Keith Williams has gone to a CPS camp in California, and Earl Craven has succumbed to the ways of matrimony and is now residing

Reed College Wins

The Pacific College Quakers travelled to Portland to play the very old rival of Pacific College. The game was played on their gridiron. When the final gun sounded, the breaks of the game were in favor of Reed, the final score of the game should have been 13 to 0 instead of 25 to 0, but with the ball being wet and slippery, fumbles were quite frequent, with P. C. fumbles coming deep in the Quaker territory. The Quakers outplayed the Reedites but the tide went against them when the pressure was needed.

In the first quarter Reed pushed Pacific back up against the 18 yard line because of a Pacific fumble which caused them to be back deep in their own territory. Reed touched the first pay dirt when Erickson the fullback off guard went over from the 4 yd. line. The point was converted making the score 7 to 0. After the touchdown Reed kicked and Michener, Pacific's right end, returned it to the Pacific 40 yd. line. Pacific's offense clicked when two first downs were made, one by Spirup and the other by Mardock (making his first collegiate start and doing a very commendable job).

The second quarter Reed put on the pressure when they scored two touchdowns, with Erickson again going through the center from the 12 yard line. A Reed interception of a Pacific pass on the Pacific College 45 yard line stopped any possible Quaker score in the quarter. After the interception Freiberg raced 45 yards for the final touchdown in the half. The point was blocked and the score ended at the half 19 to 0 in favor of Reed.

The opening of the second half, Pacific College looked better than they have all season and put on a very stubborn battle, but fumbles and bad breaks enabled the Reedites to push over one more touchdown. Freiberg, who was gun powder to the Quakers all afternoon, went over from the Pacific 15 yard line for this final touchdown. They failed to convert. Pacific College made three first downs in the quarter. Spirup, Mardock and Keys made sizeable gains for the first downs. The score at the end of the third quarter was 25 to 0 in Reed's favor.

The fourth and final quarter was by far the most even quarter with no score done on Reed's part. Pacific put the best account of the teams strength in this quarter. This quarter was an up and down affair each team getting in each others territory quite frequently. As the whistle blew the score was 25 to 0 with Reed on the long end.

Pacific		Monmouth
Antrim	E	Wilson
Cloud	T	Holt
Aashwill	G	Dunsmoor
Hays	C	Winters
Brash	G	Brisbine
Macy	T	Griffen
Stein (C)	E	Gregg
Bunlanger	Q	Preps
Crisman	H	Nance
Smith	H	Byers
Hadlock	F	(C) Taylor

in his native Idaho.

Expected to pace the Quaker attack will be big Claude Lewis, rugged center and one of the leading baskets bucketeers last season. Expected to fill in the guard posts will be David Thomas, fireball player of the driving type and either Spirup or Michener of the reserves of '41. Stein, a forward will probably hold down one of these posts, and the other vacated by Earl Craven—hot

Burgess Bedtime Stories

(Continued from page three)

around and ambled back to her row of cabbages.

It was early evening when Jack came scampering across the patch and skidded to an alarmed stop before Babs, who was munching gloomily at a wilted leaf. Now if you had seen Jack you would have taken him for a wild hare, I'm sure. His fur bristled revoltingly in the form of a "V" between his eyes and extending up under his red hat. One of his shaggy ears was cocked at a 45 degree, and his eyes glowed their fieriest red. Of course when he saw Babs in the cabbage patch at that time of day his mouth dropped open and the hair on his forehead bristled even more into a frown. Then his whiskers twitched with amusement as he spoke.

"Say, Babs, what say we run over to the carrot patch tonight? I know where there's a hole in the fence."

"Oh, I'd like to," she replied mournfully dropping the cabbage leaf, "but it looks like nothing but cabbage for me for a while." Then to bolster her pride, "besides, I've heard it said that the carrots are green, and that they're not good unless they're washed, and—"

"Nuts," exploded Jack. "What hayfoot told you that? Green carrots are as good as yellow ones. In fact, I like them better. Anyway, we'll only eat off the tops that stick out of the ground and they're plenty clean."

"Do you expect to go on eating cabbage all night? At that rate it won't do you a bit of good. What you need is a change to something you have an appetite for. Then when you come back you'll feel like digging in with tooth and paw," and he spun around twice on his left hind leg for emphasis. It took Babs just that long to make up her mind. They hopped quickly away in the late dusk.

Babs wasn't back to her row until nearly noon the next day, and Jack didn't crawl out of his burrow until time to play cabbage Tag. Even then when the old rabbit told him to race with Charlie Cottontail he barely managed to hop weakly over the finish line.

Later he let Freddy Fleetfoot hop right over him, nor did he so much as try to grab his tail as he bounded away.

Babs felt even worse three days later when, stuffed with coarse pieces of half-chewed cabbage she had swallowed in haste, she set in line before the big rabbit and waited to hand in her calorie chart. Just in front of her sat Bunny, industriously thumbing through the oak leaves of her report. Babs peeked over her back and counted them. There were twelve, and she only had six in hers. Frantically she counted Bunny's leaves again. Then she saw where the difference was. Instead of just handing in an ac-

wide open with probably Deane, Hays, and Roberts in the running. What we've seen of some of the newcomers say that the preceding veterans have nothing certain to count upon, but do have a lot of competition from the Freshman group with which to put up. This fellow, Willcuts; we predict he'll be right in there when the staarting whistle blows. Smith and Antrim are high school veterans from Idaho; while from California come August from the Van Nuy's varsity and Ogler from way down by Holtville, where if the ball players are as hot as the weather, he'll do all right

count of her calories, Bunny had figured up her vitamins, too. Suddenly Babs was very angry. In spite of all her work and trouble in getting her cabbages down, it wouldn't look like anything beside Bunny's. Why did Bunny have to be so smart and spy? A minute later she dropped her leaves fluttering to the ground before the big rabbit and thumped off, discouraged.

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